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Eight

and
Other
Poems.



B. F. Woodcox.



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BEYOND THE STORE LIGHT

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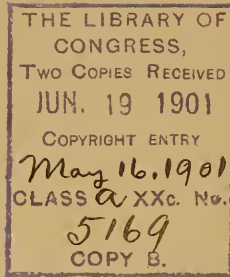
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AUTHOR AND
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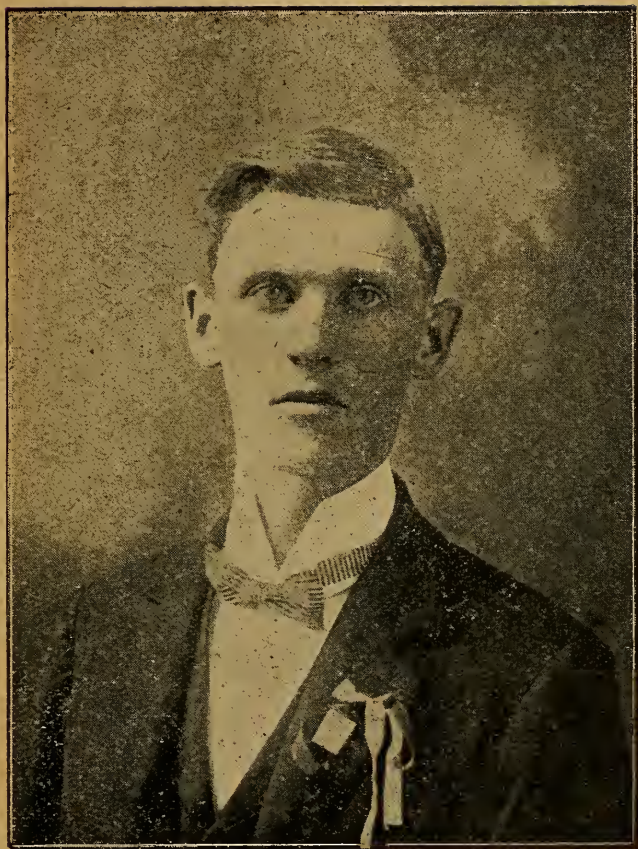


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B. F. WOODCOX.

BEYOND THE STORE LIGHT AND OTHER POEMS.

THE AUTHOR originally intended to publish this book for private circulation only, but owing to the relative cheapness of bringing out a larger edition, he has issued several hundred copies more than needed for private circulation, and these several hundred copies will therefore be sold for the sum of 40 cents a copy, postpaid to any address in the United States.

ALL ORDERS should be accompanied by remittance and addressed to

B. F. WOODCOX,
Millersburg, Elkhart Co., Indiana.

Go Forth My Poems.

Go forth, my poems of lily white,
Go forth where duty bids you go.
Be a light in dark mid-night,
And go forth, in the darkened world to sow
A few germs of light upon its plain
That will shine with the luster of a poets name.

MY AIM.

I love not fame
Nor the honors of earth
There is nothing in a name,
To give happiness birth.

Yet love I my art,
For my art is a power;
Like the bow-man's dart,
Heavenward it towers.

I strive to win,
By penning sweet rhimes;
To save from sin,
And terrible crimes.

Thus my life to spend,
A happy life indeed,
The Godly to defend;
The sinful to recreate.

'Tis a book worthy your consideration.
Read the pages to the right.
You are now at the station,
Take passage while you might.

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Beyond the Store Light and Other Poems.



Beyond the Store-Light.

Just beyond the rays from the store-light
She paused, in the darkness, on that Friday night,
And glanced back along the half-lighted street
Until her eyes a youthful form did meet,
She watched him till down the street he disappeared
Then she murmured, smiling: "He's alone; not as I feared."

The youth's quick eye in the shadow had seen,
A girlish figure he knew, and his eye did gleam,
With a light that they had never before shown.
He had discovered a secret that he had never known,
And though he had discovered it, yet he did not know
The degree of the light that in that bosom did glow.

This girl he secretly loved from his very heart's core,
She had always appeared to him as a friend,—no more.
He had long desired to show, yet had not dared
To let her know that for her he cared.
And as he walked homeward his thoughts held such a sway
That even the inky darkness could not drive them away.

To his study he went, and there without a light
He sat thinking and thinking far into the night.
Thinking of the girl in the shadow he had seen,
And wondering if it could be real, or a dream,
Thus he sat till the hour of two had passed
Before he sought his bed and tried to rest.

She in her room sat long that night,
While in her soul there burnt a faint light,
And she wished that this youth with her, would go,
Why she wished this she could not tell. She did not know
That the first spark of love, is but a faint desire,
That if fanned is likely the whole soul to fire.

She did not know, and in truth did not care,
For this youth was refined, was good and was fair.
He was worthy, she thought, of any girl she knew,
And she murmured, smiling: "he's worthy of me too,"
She smiled many times as she thought of her future life,
And said, half aloud: "I would love to be his wife."

Thus she sat thinking while the night did flee,
Once she murmured: "I wonder if he's thinking of me."
As the clock struck two she retired to her bed
And laid on her pillow her auburn robed head,
And then in her dreams she soared away
To be the guests of the angels till break of day.

Life's channels are hidden, and no one knows,
The way they travel till o'er them he goes.
Oft they appear to the eye as a continuous light,
When in reality they are as dark as mid-night.
Thus next morning, in this youth's eye, a light was seen;
A light that never afterward in his eye did gleam.

For early that morning before the darkness had passed away,
While yet the twilight lingered between the night and the day
Came the story that a man, in that shadow, had been seen
With the girl that had made this youth's eye to gleam.
It was but a vicious lie, by a scandalous tongue spoken
But it left this pure minded youth, heart broken.

Of all the crimes a depraved woman can commit
The crime of prostitution is the one least fit
To be forgiven by man; and this youth's life being pure,
He could not the thought of this crime endure.
The girl seen in the shadow, he held in a different light
From what he had held her but the previous night.

He accepted the story as it was to him told,
And thought perhaps she had yielded for gold.
It did not matter for what such a crime was done.
It did not matter when or where such a life begun.
It was enough that the girl in the shadow, he had seen
Could lead such a life; could toward such a crime lean.

Ah, why is it that first love will so easily believe,
The loved to be guilty of crime, and trying to deceive?
Why is it that jealousy to the youth is so easily driven,
When to his nature love and charity is given?
But such feelings are, in the youthful heart to be found,
And when stirred by suspicion they seem to abound.

So meeting her on his way down town,
He passed her by with not' but a frown,
And though often she passed by him that day,
He always turned his head the opposite way.
She at last disappointed, with her wishes denied
Went to her bed room, and there sat and cried.

Oh! What have I done that he should be so unkind?
Am I not like him, as good, as noble, as refined?
Have I ever done ought, that ladyhood does not endure?
Have I not lived a life that is spotless and pure?
Yet I received from him today nothing but a frown,
And he turned his head when I passed him up town.

Lovely maiden, do not cry. The wrong cord is rung.
You have been wronged by a scandalous tongue.
You must be strong if you would succeed
For with this haughty youth you must plead;
Else he to hate you soon will be driven,
And two hearts will lose that for which they have striven.

Time has its changes, as day has its night,
And what seem wrong today may tomorrow seem right,
But this youth could not from his heart drive away
The stories he had heard on the previous day,
And the maiden he once loved to his very heart's core,
He declared that he did not love any more.

So sensitive was he to the scandalous lies;
So deep in his soul did he prostitution despise;
Say what you would, and do what you can;
Each minute, each hour, seemed his hatred to fan,
And that love that was rooted in his very heart's core
If some change comes not soon will be, alas! no more.

O maiden! if ever in your life now, forget your pride,
Hasten! O Hasten! to this anguish suffering youth's side,
Tell him that you are innocent; that all he has been told is a lie,
Tell him that when you were in the shadow, no man was nigh
Do not delay for tomorrow it may be too late,
Each minute, each hour, each day, increases his hate.

But this maiden; alas! if the truth must be said,
Instead of seeing him that day, lay on her bed,
With an ache in her head and a throb in her heart,
And her face wet with tears, from where tears always start,
She was crying herself sick, yet she spoke not a word,
At dusk her mother entered, but her mother was not heard.

For sickness was there. This maiden was ill,
The doctor came often and large grew his bill.
But this youth, that had believed all the vicious lies spoken,
Came not near her, for his heart was broken,
And the explanation, that would have destroyed his hate,
Need not now be spoken for it is, alas! too late,

This maiden was sick long, the sickest of her life,
For between two conflicting powers, fierce was the strife,
But life at last conquered and health returned to her cheek,
And ever afterward from this youth she did shrink.
Soon after, excepting another as a mate for life
She done her duty, and proved a good wife.

Though through her whole life there was an unsatisfied desire
For love had left there a few sparks of its fire.
Though, her life was lonely and oft times sad.
Yet there were times when she was both happy and glad,
For her life was stainless, and her husband was kind,
And his presence oft times drove the past from her mind.

This youth never married, if I must say the word,
And his voice among the gay was never again heard.
He wrote many a book, and won quite a name.
He lives today in the high of his fame.
Yet he often thinks, in his lonely life, of the long passed night
And of the girl seen in the shadow beyond the store-light.

To Mrs. M—— G. R——.

Her goodness and her virtuous soul entwines,
And entwines around such souls as mine.
'Tis you, yes you, who's Christ-like life reminds
Us of our imperfect and blemished lives.

Sweet Friendship.

Sweet friendship! wrap me in thy folds;
Let me feel thy soothing presence near,
And while onward the years of my life rolls,
Be to my life a sweet, loving messenger.

Bear to my sorrow the sympathy of condolence.
Add to my joys the smile of friendly admiration.
Be to my character an all-powerful influence,
And to my soul the means of its salvation.

Sweet friendship! be my guardian angel;
Strew perfumed flowers along my earthly path;
All unworthy temptations from me repel,
And ever intervene in my behalf.

Alas, For My Fallen Friend!

Alas, for my fallen friend!

She will not rise.

Her restless spirit bears her on;

And like a plank that on the water lies,

She is by the current carried along;

And rescue is impossible.

She will not rise

Her restless soul,

Imprisoned in the chains of passion,

Sinks each day, with faltering step—

Her will from her is swept—

And like a plucked lily that lies

Withering on its mother soil,

She will pass from out this world

With the mantle of crime 'round her furl'd.

The Fate of Man.

Alas! it is the fate of man,
When beauty crowned with grace,
Appears upon the stran;
In the form of one sweet face.

Oh! sweet face with beauty great,
Man loves thy charms to see;
Although 'tis the seal of fate;
Man's conquered by degree.

He falters for a word of trust,
When victory's mount might tread,
And turns white with fear
When beauty turns her head.

But encourage that seed of light,
That beauty herself has sown,
And all will come aright
When the seed she plants, has grown.

In That Distant Day.

The night was dark,
Yet darkness yet, was he,
Who walked with her along silently;
Each step was one step near fate,
That soon o'er her life would close the gate
Of disgrace and crime.

Her features was light,
Yet, in spirit, lighter yet was she,
Who walked along with him willfully;
Not knowing that her steps meant fate,
That o'er her soul was to close the gate
Of disgrace and crime.

He spoke of love,
Yet, lover not was he.
He chose to deceive her most willfully,
And to lead her downward to that fate
That was soon to close o'er her the gate
Of disgrace and crime.

She believed his word,
Yet, believed it not did he,
For in his heart a spark of divinity,
Struggled hard to have him relate
The truth, and save the disgraceful gate
From closing o'er her soul.

She grew weaker,
Yet weaker not grew he,
For wrong had conquered the divinity.
Each minute now was one nearer fate
When he, would close o'er her the gate
Of disgrace and crime.

She yielded to him,
Yet, yielded he not to her,
For in the future he meant to refer,
To her as one who by crime, not fate,
Had closed o'er her own soul the gate
Of disgrace and crime.

She now is disgraced,
Yet, disgraced not is he,
Who walked with her that dark night silently,
And who by his own crime, her fate,
Closed o'er her soul the heinous gate
Of disgrace and crime.

He is a criminal,
Yet, a criminal not is he,
For society gives man the right and the liberty,
To lead the innocent and the pure to fate;
To close o'er their souls the heinous gate
Of disgrace and crime.

But how will it be
In that distant day?
Christ will wash wronged women's disgrace away
And with smiling features rebuke their fate,
And open to them that heavenly gate,
And bid them enter.

Then Christ will say,
In that distant day,
To guilty men, you deflourers away,
And with frowning face he'll say: "'tis crime not
fate"
And close to them that heavenly gate,
And give them, what they gave women, disgrace.



The Law of The World.

If a man should slip and fall—

Pick-him-up.

If by impurity his soul he should soil—

Pick-him-up, pick-him-up.

If a woman should make a mis-step—

Kick-her-down.

If she would reform, yet—

No matter, kick-her down, kick-her-down.

If some deflourer on her has frowned—

Kick-her-down, kick-her-down, kick-her-down.

Laten Talents.

Each week, each day, each hour,
 I discover the visible hand
Of some great laten power,
 That if by ambition was fann'd
Would rule the world with a mighty hand.

In youth, in maiden, in young and old,
 Wherever the human race has plod,
There one finds talents, more precious than gold,
 Hid behind some visible cloud,
That hangs o'er them like a shroud.

Laten talents, that could rule the world,
 And learn the poets how to sing,
Exists in plenty; but with flag furl'd,
 And their power an insignificant thing,
Compared to the power they might in the world bring.

The Face Is a Book.

Sin leaves its stain
On the heart and brain,
It casts its shadow o'er the face,
It weaves no beauty. It adds no grace
To man, nor woman, nor child.

The face is a book,
And if we look,
We can see there a story written,
Perhaps one so sublime,
That no poetic rhyme
Is lofty enough to duplicate it.

Each nerve and muscle does its part,
In duplicating the heart,
And portraying its secrets so plain,
That if we are not blind,
Its secrets we can find
At a glance at the features of the face.

If I Had But Heeded.

Long ago a pathetic vision
Appeared within my mind's eye,
And there it stayed with the decision
My soul's desire to deny.

It was one Sunday morning,
While I yet remained in bed.
It came as a mysterious warning,
Not from the living, but from the dead.

I beheld in the dusky twilight,
An image I had seen oft before,
And as I smiled with delight,
A shadow fell cross the floor.

Within that shadow a heart
Lay bleeding on the floor;
Near it laid a dart,
Engraved with the words: "no more."

Since that vision-seen morning
I met a maiden fair.
At each meeting that warning
Said to my soul: "be-aware."

But heeding not the visions token
I have lingered by her side,
Listening to her words gently spoken,
And watching her girlish stride.

Tracing out each line of beauty,
Looking into her lovely eye;
Thinking it but a pleasant duty,
The mysterious warning to defy.

But o'er my soul has come a feeling;
A restlessness, and a desire—
More and more has it come stealing,
Until my whole soul is on fire.

Yet while this restless feeling
Is gnashing at my heart's core.
Nightly comes the vision, revealing,
The mysterious dart engraved: "no more."

Today in the embrace of another,
I saw her the image of my heart,
And as I looked there appeared mother
Holding in her hand that mysterious dart.

Oh! if I had heeded the warning
Given me from that mysterious shore,
I would not now be mourning—
A jilted lover, with happiness no more.

She is gone, gone,
And my life forlorn—
O would that I had never been born!
She is gone, gone,
And I am broken hearted.



To a Deflourer.

Thou the ignoblest of the ignoble,
The cruelest of the cruel,
Come hither and behold thy work:
Know not thou yonder maiden,
Whose company thou so chose to keep?
Why go not thou to meet her?
Ah! me thinks I know why;
This maiden was once pretty, plus good, plus pure,
But now she sallies through the street,
Like one who is known to crime.
Doest thou see, she pauses to speak,
With that character of ill repute.
Alas! is this the maiden I knew
But four short months ago?
What has brought her so low?
She breathes no more with innocence.
Poor child! What sorrow thou has brought
Thy mother, who thou once did love.
Me thinks thou knew not crime
Till another brought you hither.
It was you, even you, ignoble youth;
Thou who rides the foremost wave
Of society, and appear so innocent.
Thou brought this maiden to her ruin.
And yet, she is not thy only victim;
Another sleeps in yonder tomb,
Slain by her own trembling hand

Because she braved death rather than shame.
Shame! that thou should yet choose another,
Yet did I not see you but last night
Smile on one whose virtuous character
None dare question, save it be thee.
Thou will yet add her to thy victims;
By art and flattery thou will possess
Her confidence, and then thou wilt betray,
Yea, ruin, disgrace, cast down her virtue;
None save only at their cost have found you out.
Yet there is one who knows you,
And that one raises to wage war.
Behold thy enemy, it is even I.
Thou tremble, yea, and not without cause,
For by thy enemy's sword thou shall fall;
Most cruel deflourer, the public shall know,
That thou art the enemy of innocence.

To Miss B——— J———.

Ah, fair sunbeam, 'tis to thee,
Thou, sung so sweetly the other night,
Come sing another song to me;
'T will set my thoughts aright.

Your beauty excells, tho' your song
Soothes my spirit to rest
Lovely child, I'd do thee wrong,
Did I not say: "thou art blest."

Fair sunbeam, come sing to me,
With your lips and your beauty;
Ere like an angle you'll flee,
Leaving me but the memory.

We Remember.

It is mid-night and the rain in torrents is descending,
The flashes of light to the wildness of night is lending
New terrors to the scenes that engulf our earth tonight
And adds to our uneasiness a melancholy sense of fright.

We move our chairs to the fire and in silence, think o'er the
past,
And things that we have long forgotten come now within our
grasp.
We think of Charley and Myrtle and the children of our
childhood days,
And we wonder if they have forgotten us and forgotten our
childhood play.

We remember, perhaps but faintly, when childhood days
were o'er,
How us boys and girls met together, at the old school house
door,
And there in mutual union, like a family, we all were one,
And we sigh as we think tonight of those schooldays that are
gone.

We recall that tender parting when from home and mother
we passed
Out into the world among its struggling masses to be classed
And we think how little of happiness we have known since
that hour
That we passed from the school and home, to the world of
pomp and power.

She Does Not Know.

She does not know that a tender feeling
Is gushing up from my heart's core;
Nor that o'er me a fonder love is stealing,
Than my soul has known before.

She little dreams that these meetings
Have so much happiness for me in store,
Or that her friendly greetings
Encourage a love not known before.

Me thinks she too enjoys these evenings,
That for me are moments of bliss.
Are not her girlish cleavings
Being secretly changed by this?

Is there not a divine desire;
A nameless longing in her breast,
That will gradually set on fire
Till with a passionate love she is possessed?

To a Coquette.

Ah, thou art the most unhappy of earth's creation,
And yet, you tremble at my approach;—
Fear not! I am but a humble artist, come
To paint your picture, not your career.
Thou stood some thirty years ago, on the lawn,
Of your humble home in Northern Indiana;—
Beauty, stately grace and virtue you commanded,
And love fondly murmured your name,
Yet I behold you today, Alas!
Where are they; that beauty; that grace; that virtue;
Or the lover that fondly bowed before you?
Gone! yea and gone forever,
Me sees no beauty, yet beauty once was there;
Nor do I behold a single trace of virtue
As I saw it, in your embrace, years ago.
None is your companion, save dark ambition,
And he dares to mock you—listen!
Does thou not hear? He calls you a fool,
And with scorn, points at you and says—Coquette.
Thou shudder, and thou may well shudder,
For he says truly—Coquette.
O foolish maiden! thou who has wronged
Many noble young men, have you awoke at last?
Then tell me where is he—
The lover that stood upon the lawn, nay,
Knelt upon the lawn, some thirty years ago?
Ah, you weep; but weep in vain—
One tear then, might have saved him;

One gentle word made him happy;
But it was spoken not, and he
Like the wild-wood white lily,
Plucked and cast in the sun, has withered.
And gone back to earth—forgotten!
Nay! not forgotten; thou will never forget
The first victim of your heartless career.
Listen! I came here not to mistreat you;
But to paint your picture—no more.
Me thinks thou has paid dearly enough
For what thou would have, yet will have not;
But I came to paint your picture, and be gone
Back to the studio from whence I came.
On the wall of my humble studio, hangs one picture.
'Tis the picture of girlhood innocence, unstained.
From that canvas beauty smiles so gracefully
That an artist's only happiness is to look upon
That canvas and behold the ideal
That has won him immortal fame.
Can you guess whose picture it is?
Behold, I will hang this picture beside it,
On the wall of my humble studio,
So that all who cross my threshold shall behold
Beauty, grace and innocence, and where these quali-
ties are not.
To all who ask me to explain, I will say:
Behold, here is beauty, grace and virtue combined,
Here they should be; yet they are not,
'Tis but a simple story; "Thirty years a Coquette."

A Fancy.

Nature smilingly from her throne
 In forest, in lake or on the green,
Has sweet peace around me thrown
 That makes earth a heavenly sphere seem.

Far into the forest I would tarry,
 And by the lake or on the green rest.
I would some wild-wood flower marry
 And be by nature, honored and blest.

My home I'd have beneath some tree,
 My shelter the green foliage of the beech,
My friends the wild-wood bird and bee,
 My duty to learn their parts of speech.

I'd bid the world of mankind farewell,
 And from out its sphere I'd flee;
And with my friends I'd forever dwell,
 With forest, with lake, with flower, with
 bird, with bee.

My Individuality.

Fame with all its binding splendor,
Is but a spark in my soul's desire;
And all the beauty of the opposite gender
Would not set my soul on fire.

I would not give a moment's inspiration
For all the wealth to which man is heir;
Nor would I yield my beloved vocation
For all that to the eye is fair.

Yet deep in my heart there is a place
Too sacred for inspiration to have entered,
And closed around that sacred place
Are all my other desires, divinely centered.

To be a man and do as manhood should
Is the reigning power within that sacred spot.
'Tis a will to be pure, a desire to be good
A wish to be what most men are not.

A Questioned Rose.

A questioned Rose, with faded cheeks,
Where beauty once did bloom,
Now stands o'er a grave and weeps
For one who has met his doom.

She might have saved a tear stained cheek
And maintained a guiltless name;
But now, Alas! all will shriek
From her sorrow, guilt and shame.

Last moon, with its silver light looked down,
On a bed where innocence slept;
But now its light adds but a frown,
To the tears that have been wept.

Closed o'er her heart a hand is lain,
And in its grasp she shrieks,
For mercy to the heartless main,
And to the innocent, she speaks.

"My life, once pure as morning light,
Whose welcome rays the darkness pierce,
Now marred by an impure blight,
And a passion wild and fierce."

“A warning hand to my rescue came,
And plunged into the deep to save;
But I, so ambitious for social fame,
Heeded not the warning he gave.”

“First crime, like a far off star,
Shining in the heavenly sphere,
Was shunned as if it came to mar—
My sensitive nature was crowned with fear.”

“The sun-set blush could not compare,
Though it appeared at the dawn of night,
With the blush of shame, left there
When the first thought of evil took flight.”

“But a mind once stained by the poison grasp,
Of impure thoughts, of desired crime,
Can not to virtue long hold fast,
Or expect to escape the fine.”

“Here lies my friend, my only friend,
He died in hopes my virtue to save.
I now, beyond the reach of mortal hand,
Come in shame to weep o’er his grave.”

‘Had I but heeded his warning cry,
I’d be one of the purest stars of light—
Alas! by shame and crime I must die,
Stained forever, by an impure blight.”



Parental Influence.

Man is but the product
Of childhood's early discipline.
You can tell by his conduct
What his parents did for him.

The Dead.

My friends are the dead—
Immortal are they—
Their spirits have fled;
Their bodies gone to decay:
But still 'round me are they.

Think not the dead are dead—
'Tis a materialist delusion.
Think not the spirits have fled
To some far off seclusion—
'Tis a dogmatic delusion.

The dead inhabit the earth—
Invisible to the human eye.
They sit beside your hearth;
Unnoticed you pass them by—
They're invisible to human eye.

The maid'n weeps for her lover,
Who on some death-bed died—
I look, behold no other
Than he, stands by her side—
He that on the death-bed died.

The dead are truly generous,
 Tho' invisible to our eye,
Those that were near to us,
 Are still in spirit nigh;
 But invisible to our eye.



If We All Were Wise.

If we all were wise—
Oh, how sublime!
We'd all then despise
The appearance of crime;
And Earth would no longer be Earth;
And pain would be driven away;
And Heaven would have its birth
On Earth, this very day.

You Are Mine, I Am Thine.

It was quite late and Gerone
Had gone to bed before me
And as I started past her room
I moved with abated breath and silently,
For I thought I heard a moan,
And a sound like a maiden weeping.
Could it be, I asked myself dumfounded,
That one so beautiful and gay as she—
My heart from its depth sounded
No, no, not thee, not thee,
Of all those who could weep
Surely, Oh! surely, not thee.
But harking not to the sound within me,
I stood and listened before her door.
All seemed to be dark and silently,
But then, I heard that sound once more,
A low and soft like murmur
Floated on the air as heard before.
Did my ears deceive me? I shuddered,
As I thought of but an hour before,
My heart within me fluttered and fluttered
And my face with agony was glow.
No, no, not thee, not thee,
All others could be sad but not thee.
But still that sound was repeated.
She was weeping, and I before her door.
With pain and agony my brain was heated,
As I thought of a little while before

How I had so thoughtlessly mistreated
Her, whose image on my heart I wore.
Could it be, she thought I did not love,
And the thoughts her tender heart was breaking?
I do, I do, I murmured I love,
And my whole being with emotion was shaking.
Yes, yes, and thee, and thee,
And yet you are weeping, are weeping.
Still from her room came the sound,
The low murmuring sound of her weeping,
And with each murmur my heart gave a bound
And over my being came sweeping
The sense of mistreatment and wrong.
I could, I would save her from weeping.
Through the doorway, and before her I knelt,
And pleaded for forgiveness and love
Oh! the joy! the joy! that was felt
When we yielded to each other's love.
No more shall you weep, my darling, no more.
You are mine. I am thine. This is love.

A Vision*.

Last night ere the twi-light
Had long passed into the great beyond
While sitting in my study thinking,
Suddenly I felt myself sinking, sinking,
And all was white
And night was there no more.

The door opened and on the floor
I heard the silent tread of spirit feet—
Invisible forms were entering,
And around me were centering—
The clock struck five,
And life from me seemed to ebb.

How fast the time flew past!
I heard the spirits, one by one depart.
Half-unconsciously I sat there seeing
My spirit guests withdraw—time was fleeing—
I heard them close the door,
And before me all grew dark.

Suddenly I saw a light, and an angel in white
Appeared sitting in my study chair.
He looked at me smiling,
And his right hand was lying
On the page of an open book—
I looked and saw there my name.

*Written Nov. 25, 1900. Sunset 4:35.

The date and my fate
Was there written in golden letters.
I heard the angel explaining
But could not catch his meaning.
He finished and smiled
And, while I looked, vanished.



A Social Law Exposed.

If a maiden should make a mis-step—scoff.

If she should be wronged and cast down—hold aloof.

Do not let her raise her head.

Make of shame her earthly bed.

Feed her on the hardest bread.

Make her wish that she was dead.

Paint her life a scarlet red.

If a youth should happen to slip—laugh.

If he should into impure channels drift—still laugh.

Let him do as he please.

Make his bed with social ease.

Shade him with the shadest trees.

Guard him against every disease.

Honor his name on every breeze.

Thus the world has long been doing.

Both the maid's and youth's rights misconstruing.

Giving to one what ought not be given.

Driving the other where she ought not be driven.

I'm Married.

I'm baffled now!
For she has grasped
The emblem of freedom from my hand.
Around my wrists the bracelets clasp,
Those iron shackles of a marriage band.

I'm no longer free!
I can not now adore
Those beautiful ladies I once admired.
Perhaps I may see them once more,
To tell them the sad news, "I've retired."

I've retired, have I?
Yes, freedom is no more;
Yet it was once to me so sweet,
Now I'm met at the door
With the broom, and—"Sweep your feet!"

"Sweep your feet!"
The welcome words I hear
Before I get within a rod of the door;
Of course I answer, "Yes, dear,"
And sweep my feet for an hour or more,
Because I'm married.

To ———.

O friend! O noble friend of mine!
I would around your soul entwine,
And with sacred silken threads tie fast,
My friendship, which for you will e'er last.

True! yea, the truest of thine I'd be.
I'd live for you, as you for me,
And through this life we'd together twine;
You true to my friendship, I true to thine.

We Do Not See the Real.

We cannot see the real.
The real is the invisible.

We see with our eyes the sun
As it passes from east to west,
And we say "Its course is run"
When at dusk, it sinks to rest.

But reality says: "The sun has not moved.
It is the earth through space speeding."
And science this fact has proved,
That the sense of sight is misleading.

We cannot see the real.
The real is the invisible.

The sky seems to meet earth in the distance;
The mountain seems but a few miles off;
Life appears to be but a carnal existence,
And heaven a place somewhere aloft.

But such is not the reality.
We are deceived by our sight.
We have not the faculty
Of seeing, as sees the Infinite.

We can not see the real.
The real is the invisible.

To a Ruined Beauty.

The saddest page in the saddest history,
Is when I look into your face,
For I see there the darkest mystery
Of crime inter-mingled with shame and disgrace.

The saddest thought of my life is then.
The saddest thing that ever flitted through my brain
Is the thought of beauty, when,
It bears the blush of shame.

O, It Pays.

We little dream that the world knows
Our secret pleasure, our little crimes, our woes—
Tho' deeply imbedded in our secret mine,
And covered deep by the elapse of time;
Yet while we sleep our secrets fly away
And preach to the world from the steep of day.

How oft we think we have our secret concealed;
When we wake next morn' we find it revealed,
And perched upon the public mind
Our secret displayed, we look and find—
Each glance, each look, each downcast eye
We understand and know the reason why.

O, it pays to live so that the world
Will see, when our inmost soul is unfurl'd,
No secrets save those that are good and chaste,
And we will have lifted the world a pace.
Somebody's ideal we will then, surely be
And help some soul to be good, pure and heavenly.

Within My Soul.

Silence! All is silent within my soul—
But listen! hear that death bell toll!
See the casket! See the candles! See the watchers
there!
Look into the casket! See the form most fair!

What means this? Who has departed?
My spirit answers: "One, the cruel hearted;
One who chose to steal, to charm and to despise,
Is dead and in this lovely casket lies."

Look! some one kneels by the casket in prayer.
Who is he? Who is the one that can care
For the cruel hearted, the misleader, the coquette,
That lead men to love and then to regret?

Ah, it is my spirit! It is myself!
Forgetting the past in the sympathy of an hour,
And praying o'er the lifeless form that's left,
When love is denied and beyond my power.

Weakness Is Sin.

A DREAM. •

“Weakness is sin,”
I heard the angel softly saying,
“Weakness is sin,
And it is the world swaying.”
I looked,
And beheld a beautiful maiden
Standing on a lofty mountain height.
She seemed to waver, then
Her cheeks with paleness grew white—
“Weakness is sin.”
I heard the angel softly repeating.
The maiden trembled as if with fright,
And she made motion as if retreating—
“Weakness is sin,
To hesitate is lost,”
The words fell so gently
From the angel’s lips,
That the maiden took courage,
And turned about
And once more, started to climb
Up a higher mount.’
And as she started to climb
I looked below,
And lo, a mighty flood had begun to flow.
Gradually toward the mountain top
It crept along
(Though she saw it not)

And many on the mountain side
Were swept away,
And died.
But the maiden's step was firm
(She faltered not)
And ever when she reached a top
Another height she started to climb,
Unconscious of the fact
That the flood her course had tracked;
Ever waiting for the time to come,
When she should falter
And turn back.
But no, her strength had won,
I heard the angel whisper, "Well done."
For on the highest height she stood
A perfect specimen of womanhood.
"Weakness is sin."
I looked below,
O'er the earth where the flood did flow,
And saw the many faces white,
That had faltered on the path of right,
Or hesitated to the highest height to go
Were swept away by the flood
To the valley below,
And there where crime had sported long,
They died among its hell-stained throng.

To You In Life's Valley.

I visited a grave the other night,
Where a vine had woven 'round,
And I looked upon the headstone white
And there, I this inscription found:
"She lived beside the forest lily,
Her soul was like its whiteness.
She triumphed in life's valley,
By walking in its likeness."

Ah, to you still in life's valley,
A lesson this inscription bears to you,
A life as stainless as a forest lily,
Can be yours if you will pursue
A simple course through life's journey—
Ever hold a stainless ideal before your eye
And allow self control to be your attorney,
And a spotless character you will edify.

The History of Her Life.

She looked at him,
And a shadow crossed her face;
And it never disappeared,
But always held its place.

In after years,
When without a friend,
The thought great tears
To her eyes did send.

Her life ruined,
And her soul destroyed;
And all she had endured
Of no avoid,

She cast away,
And down below,
In the cold depths of the bay,
She chose to go.

All because she loved him,
She had thrown her life away,
And because of her sin,
In the cold depth, dead, she lay.

L. of C.

**The Beautiful,—
To Us With Artist Souls.**

The beautiful is extremely lovely
To us with artist souls;
And it grows sublimely heavenly,
As it our lives control.

We yield to its sublime influence,
And unearthly happiness is ours;
And charmed by its poetic eloquence,
Great is our creative powers.

A Little History.

INTRODUCTION.

Who was she, the noble yet fallen one,
Who had come to save and then was gone;
Who arose from the depth of crime that night
To defy a deflourer in his might,
And commission me to save and defend
An innocent woman, her girl-hood friend,
From the snares of that deflourer without a heart.
Who was planning her ruin with his art?

I went forth at that midnight hour
Regardless of a descending shower,
For she would not have our meeting known,
And I was to meet her at night and alone.

Who was she and why did she wish to meet
Me within some dark midnight retreat?
I wondered as I neared the place,
Where I hoped soon to see her face.

Beneath the old half torn down shed
Where oft my father's sheep I'd fed,
I paused to wait the next flash of light,
That was to set me on my path aright.

But ere it came, I heard a sigh
Like some one breathing hard near by,
And I knew that she was waiting me
Beneath the shed and not the tree.

"I have come," I cried, "This stormy night,
As you fair maiden willed I might,
To be at your service, for this I am here,
I come at your bidding so do not fear."

Scarcely had the words from my lips passed
When around my waist an arm was clasped,
And a soft low voice whispered in my ear
I know you Frank, and I do not fear.

"I have come," she said, "borne down with shame.
A girl you'd know if I disclose my name;
But why should I tell, even you, all,
And sadden your heart by my fall?"

"I come to bid you save from the grasp
Of a deflowerer, one who is held fast.
And one that if you do not save
Will fill with me, a prostitute's grave."

“Two years have passed tonight, Frank,
Since I yielded to him and sank—
With flattery and vows of love he won
My love, betrayed my confidence and was done.”

“He seeks another victim, she was once my friend,
And I come to ask you to her defend.
O save! Defend! Force him to desist,
Don't let him add her to his list.”

“She and I in girl-hood chummed together,
And we often vowed that we'd part never—
As long as the stars shone in the skies above
We resolved to be true to each other's love.”

“I cannot blame her mine's the shame,
No maiden can stand the loss of a name,
And tho' I sank without one friend,
I come to save, and her defend.”

“Take this message and go plead my case,
And we will have saved her from disgrace.”
Her hand dropped from my waist with a groan,
And I found myself in the shed alone.

She was gone, yet there stood I,
And from my soul went up a cry
Against the one that had cast her low,
And I vowed the world should know.

Two years have come and gone, and still
That criminal roams the country at will,
Deluding, belowering and ruining he goes—
I have tried to crush him, God knows.

Only as to the commission from the fallen one
Can I say to myself, "Well done."
For armed with her message, I did defend,
And save from ruin her girl-hood friend.

Yet, I struggle on in hopes to be
Some day rewarded with crushing victory,
And to see him, in the eyes of all disgraced,
And his name from the books of manhood, defaced.

Singers Do Not Laugh At Each Other.

In the forest,
Beneath a tree,
A poet stopped
And what did he see?
A bird, a squirrel and a bumblebee,
That for convenience inhabited the tree.
The bee was the first one to see,
And with a buzz
He ask the poet who he was.
The squirrel climbed rapidly to the highest limb
And there he sat and laughed at him.
But the bird, with a glad cry,
Hopped upon a limb that was hanging nigh,
And to the poet said he:
"Brother singer: I'll not laugh at thee,
Or be as cruel as the bumblebee;
For you and I must sing together—
No matter the climate; no matter the weather,
And often we'll get the laugh,
And sometimes the sting,
And every other disagreeable thing—
Still the world will hear our song,
And by its sentiment be helped along."

Us, The Brave.

We'll drop no tear,
We'll have no fear
For the future,
Us, the brave.
We'll jest with fate,
And laugh at hate,
And ask disease
It's case to state,
Us, the brave.
We'll never yield
The hard fought field,
Or from our struggles stop,
Till we've reached the top,
And all below
Have learned to know
Us, the brave.

The Poet's Mission.

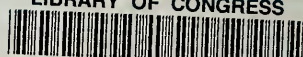
Sweeping the heart;
Preaching the truth;
In the *inner* chamber
Of man, woman, maid' and youth;
This is the mission
Of the poet
To the world.

June - 20, 1901





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